

50¢

SICK

CHARLTON

PUBLICATIONS

JUNE 1977

CDC 92158

WE'VE MADE AN ISSUE OF...

SCARSKY & CRUTCH
PRESIDENT KRUDDER
MARY HEARTBURN
CHARLE'S ANGLES



990065100

990065100

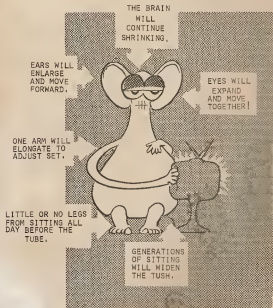
990065100

990065100

IN ONLY ONE GENERATION TELEVISIONS EFFECTS ARE BEGINNING
TO SHOW UP IN OUR LIVES. COLLEGE GRADUATES LOOKING
FOR JOBS WITHOUT BEING ABLE TO READ OR WRITE.

SICK, AS A PUBLIC SERVICE , PROJECTS WHAT FUTURE GENER-
ATIONS WILL LOOK LIKE... SO TAKE A LOOK AT...YOUR

GREAT GREAT GREAT GRANDCHILD



PSYCHIATRISTS agree, millions read SICK!

SICK



Publisher JOHN SANTANGELO, JR.
Managing Editor JOHN COFRANCESCO, JR.
Editor JACK SPARLING
Art Director JACK SPARLING, JR.

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS...

Alan Kapperberg, Dave Manak, Jack Sparling

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS...

Joe Gill, Michael Fellowski, Arnold Drake, George Kashdan

CONTENTS

SLOCKY (MOVIE)	40
CHARLIE'S ANGLES	30
MARY HEARTBURN	6
LET'S GET ORGANIZED	13
SCARSKY AND CRUTCH	45
SICK IS	35
WELCOME BACK KRUDOER	18
GOOD LUCK — BAD LUCK	23
SICK PHOTOS	25
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	4



SICK, published bimonthly by Charlton Publications, Inc., Vol. 17, No. 115, June, 1977. Office of publication Charlton Bldg., Derby, Conn. 06418. Second class mailing privileges authorized at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Second Class Postage paid at Derby, Conn. ©Copyright 1977 Charlton Publications, Inc. All rights reserved (Printed in U.S.A.) Annual subscription \$3.00. Subscription Manager, Anna Mae DeLucca. Not responsible for loss or non-return of unsolicited manuscripts, songs or photos. Authorized for sale in the U.S.A., its territories, possessions and Canada only. Postmaster: Please send form 3579 to Charlton Publications, Inc., Charlton Bldg., Derby, CT. 06418.

Sick Scrawls



Dear Sick:

Excuse the expression, you should call A DOCTOR! What's with this Curly Big-Ears (my name for the buck-toothed li'l dumplin') vs. Huckleberry Fink schmalz? On one issue you have the cue ball, on the next you got the red-head! What is this, a lousy before-and-after WIG commercial? So make up your Sick mind, awreddy. I look through the mag rack for the cuddly li'l cut-up and I see another kook! Keep it up and I might buy the wrong magazine and THAT would be a waste of money because I like SICK!

Feverishly yours
Isadore Kelly

ED: Cool it Iszy, you'll find out who Mr. Sick is in this issue.

Dear Sick:

I can sympathize with the bald-headed brat you started using on the August cover (#111). I went bald when I was fourteen. I was working in a cowboys-and-indians movie and I got captured by the injuns. The director insisted on realism and I got scalped!

Scarhead Capon

ED: CAPON? The indian's knife must have slipped. Instead of puttin' US on, why don't you wear a hat!

Dear Sick:

I'm trying to write a serious fan letter but I keep giggling and I can't read what I wrote. I keep HA HA HA HA I keep laughing when I TEE HEE TEE HEE try to HOO HOO tell you how much I HO HO HO HA HA HA I cry!

Please stop being too HAHA HA HA funny or HEE HEE HEE. I'll starve to death.

Yourth Twooly

Thammy Thoedgrath

P. ETH: I laughed tho hard I dropped my falth teeth.

ED: So starve, Thammy! They probably won't let you out of the bird cage to buy this issue of Sick anyhow. Nektht time be thee-see-uth!

Dear Sick:

I really dug some of the stuff in your March issue. I liked the "ABSURD ANSWERS TO COCK-EYED QUESTIONS" and the "SICK EXERCISE SCENES". How come the artists get credits on all the stories but you don't tell us who wrote them? Grandenotti did a terrific job on "COMEDY HOUR NEWS SHOW" but I didn't find the writer? The art was great on that story and I liked the dialogue too.

A Sickened Fan

ED: Ah, c'mon, Fannie, writers ain't that important. It's us artists who keep it all together.



Dear Editor:

For many years my family and friends have been trying to convince me that I'm not playing with a full deck. I react to everything wrong, they tell me. I always boo the heroes and clap when the villain does his dirties. I identify with the mad scientist who's out to destroy the world. Tell me... is there anything REALLY wrong with me?

Truly yours
Evert Moony

Dear Evert:

You sound a hundred percent abnormal to us, Evert. Or can we call you Moony? Anyway, there's an opening in Sick Drop in any time.

P.S.: We're on the tenth floor.

Dear Sir, Madam, or whatever:

Mummy and Daddy don't like me to read SICK! When I go to the candy store with Mummy, I always snatch the latest copy of your noseating but nifty nut-catcher. I love most of the stories in your mag but I'm getting worried. Three or four of the ones in the last issue I read actually made sense and I was very disappointed.

I hope Mummy and Daddy don't get mad because I read Sick. I don't really think I'm too old for it. I won't be forty till August.

Youthfully yours
Junior Jinks

Dear Junior:

Stop watching Sick or we'll tell your Mummy on you



Dear Sick:

I wanted to think of something nice to write about your last issue.

I thought and thought and thought.

Sorry to bother you.

Regretfully yours,
Seymour N. Doolittle

Dear Seymour:

At least you didn't say anything bad. Maybe you wouldn't have to think so hard and get your little potty brain all overheated if you stopped trying to write nice things to people. Obviously you're a rat fink. A DUMB rat fink!

Sir:

My best friends beat me up and call me names and they say I look even weirder than the good-looking kid with the shiny head who was on the #111 cover. They told me to send this picture to you. What do you think?

Punchy Pete Patooey
P.S.: The kids who ain't my friends treat me even worse.

Dear Punchy:

Wish you were here like the fella wrote, we'd really give you a hit. After examining the picture you enclosed which we reproduce above, we think you are worse than SICK, you're DEAD!

Dear Editor:

I am writing this in the bathroom because a very sad thing happened to me this evening. My Dad gave me \$10, my weekly allowance, and I was going to go right down to the store and buy a copy of Sick. But while I was in the shower, my dog put his feet up on the dresser and swallowed my \$10 bill!

I found some castor oil and I held my dog's nose while I poured it down his throat. I have him tied in the bathtub right now and the castor oil is working (youch!) just fine but I can't find the \$10. My question is, how long should I wait for my money?

REALLY Sick
Noah Yertz

Dear Noah:

Let the dog go. You'd have the money by now. We believe the dog couldn't pass the bill because it was counterfeit!



AND NOW, THE MOST EXCITING THING TO HIT THE TV SCREEN SINCE JONAS THREW HIS BOTTLE AT A SESAME STREET RE-KIN. YOU KNOW THAT TRAILER IT LIKED IT IS---RICK!

MARY HEARTBURN

MARY HEARTBURN

WRITER: ARNOLD FRANK

ARTIST: JACK SPARLING

BUT FIRST, A MINOR DISCUSSION . . .

BOO, BELIEVE A
PACKAGE TO
NORMAL SIGAS.
"WEDDINGS OF
MARY HEARTBURN!"
MARY HEARTBURN!

PLEASE, CALL ME
MR. GOLDEN!
ALSO--WHAT'S
A "MERRY
HEARTBURN?"
I'VE HAD-----

--PLAIN HEARTBURNS. MY
WIFE'S DOING! THEN A
FELPD LILAS HEARTBURN.
FROM WHEN MY PARTNER
STOLE THE BUSINESS--
AND BLEEDING HEARTBURN

--WHEN MY WIFE
RAN OFF WITH MY
PARTNER, SAY
WHAT'S A
"MERRY
HEARTBURN?"

IT'S EASY
TO SEE
THAT YOU
NEVER HAD
KIDS!

MARY: IT'S
THEY GREAT
SUN LATE
NIGHT SHOW
THAT TALKS
BUTY BE-
CAUSE THE
CHILDREN
ARE IN HERE!



NEARLY BACK AT THE STUDIO . . .

OHAY, MARY--AND GAT--
THIS IS THE BIG SCENE!
HOW MANY DO YOU STRIVE 7
FOOT

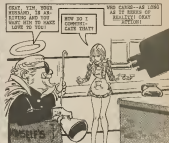
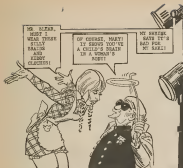
REALITY!

AND WHAT
IS REALITY?

TRICKS

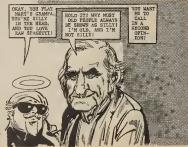
NO! NO! THE
WORD IS
RECK!



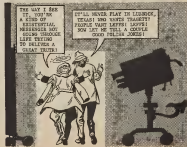








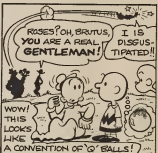
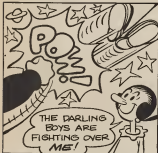
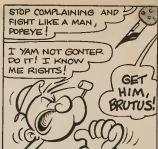


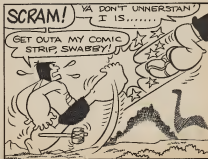
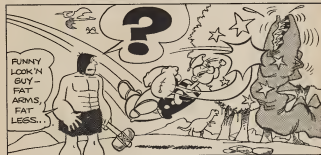


LET'S GET ORGANIZED!

EVERY TIME YOU PICK UP THE PAPER THERE'S SOMEONE ON STRIKE FOR HIGHER PAY, BETTER WORKING CONDITIONS, OR BECAUSE THE GUYS AND GALS JUST FEEL LIKE AN OFF-SEASON VACATION. NOW, ONE OF OUR MOST FAMOUS PUBLIC FIGURES REALIZES HE'S OVERWORKED AND UNDERPAID!!!



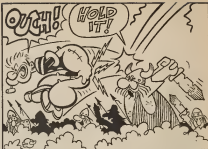




ORGANIZIN' UNIONS
IS HARDER THAN I
FIGGERED!



NOW WOT?



YEAH, HOLD IT, YA SWABS! I IS HERE
TA TAKE YA INTA ME UNION O' COMIC
STRIP CHARACTERS. YA WON'T HAVE TO
FIGHT NO MORE
O' THESE
STOOPID
WARS!

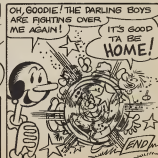
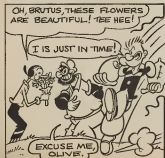
NO MORE
WARS?



PARTY-
POOPER! PEACENIK!

I MUSTA
SAID SUMPIN'
WRONG!!





THIS IS THAT ADORABLE SIT-COM ABOUT LOVABLE RAGE KRUDDER, THE ONLY HIGH-SCHOOL TEACHER TO USE TEXTBOOKS BY MILTON BERLE, AND HIS SLOPBOSS, THE ONLY J.D.'S TO HAVE THEIR PICTURES ON BUBBLEGUM CARDS.

"WELCOME BACK" KRUDDER!

JOLIE, STOP COOKING THAT TUNA CASSEROLE WHILE I TELL YOU AN OLD JOKE I JUST STOLE ABOUT MY UNCLE HYMIE!



WRITER: ARNOLD SHAPIRO

HA

HA
HA
HA

WAIT, I DIDN'T TELL IT YET!

I KNOW, GASE KRUDDER, BUT YOU'RE THE STAR AND PRODUCER. I EVEN HAVE TO LAUGH WHEN YOU BUSH!



ONE DAY A WAITER SERVED UNCLE HYMIE THIS TERRIBLE BOLOGNA SANDWICH, SO HE CALLED HIM OVER.

U R R R R H H H!
O W W W F F F!

JOLIE, MUST YOU LOOK SO NOISYLY?

ARTIST: JACK SPARLING

SO UNCLE HYMIE SAID, "WAITER, I'M GONNA SHOVE THIS BOLOGNA SANDWICH DOWN YOUR THROAT," AND—



WHY SHOULD A TUNA CASSEROLE BE SO MUCH TROUBLE.

BACK!!
ARRRRGGHH!!
GET BACK!!

—AND THE WAITER SAID, "CERTAINLY, SIR, BUT THERE ARE TWO PORKCHOPS AND A TURKEY AHEAD OF YOU.



I'M NOT THE LAST VICTIM OF THAT JOKE BOOKS

HA HA
HA HA
HA HA

WHUMMMMM!

—BECAUSE— EEEEEKKK!!
...THE TUNA'S NOT DEAD YET!

SPARKIST WANTS TUNAS THAT KISS GOOD!



MWAAAA!

NOW I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING REALLY DANGEROUS—TEACH THE SLOPBOSS, BUT FIRST—MWEEEEETT!

THAT TUNA KISSED BETTER THAN YOU DO—SQUILL SPORT!



SSON, AT POOR BUT MERRY OLD CALVIN COLLEGE HIGH...

WELL, IF IT ISN'T JUST THE TEACHER I WANT TO SEE- AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA!

HO-NO, THAT'S A SCREAM MR. WOOD HEAD, BUT, IS IT TRUE YOU RECENTLY LOST A BATTLE OF WITS- WITH A MONROE?

OH, WHY DO I LET HIM TALK TO ME--- AN ASSISTANT PRINCIPAL- LIKE THAT?

BECAUSE I'M A PROGRESSIVE TEACHER- A REGULAR FELLOW AND I CAN FIRE YOU OFF THE SSON!

I KNEW OMAR- THERE WAS A RE- REASON, OMAR! FORGIVE ME- (OMAR) GAVE KIPPER, (OMAR)

OKAY, JERK, BUT YOU JUST CAUGHT YOURSELF ABBATE'S MOUTH!

AND NOW--- THAT MAGICAL MOMENT.

HI, SLOPPORE, I HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR WEEKEND, THAT'S THE END YOU KIDS THINK WITH, RIGHT?

LAUGH, LAUGH! THOSE ARE THE JOKES LADIES AND GENTS!

HORSHOOK, HOW COME YOU LAUGH LIKE THE JACKASS YOU LOOK LIKE?

IS IT LATE ENOUGH FOR ME TO COME IN?

SEARCH ME, MR. KRUGER, BUT IT ALL STARTED WHEN I RAN OFF TO THE CIRCUS WITH THAT KID PERCHIO.

HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

120

ARR, "THE LATE" SARKJAN GREPSTEIN, YOU HAVE A NOTE FROM YOUR MOTHER, OF COURSE!

YOU BET, HERE IT IS.

AYEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

A TERRIBLE NOTE, I'M SURE YOUR MOTHER WAS GLAD TO GET RID OF IT. NOW SIT DOWN NEXT TO VALERIE BOONBYRINO!

BUT SIT EASY, MAM, THE MIND MANGLES MY WHIRY LOOKS!



TO DAY WE'RE
GOING TO
ASK THE QUES-
TION. IS
DEMOCRACY
DEAD?

DON'T LOOK AT ME. MR.
KROLD-DI-A-A-WE. I
DIDN'T WRITE IT. AL-
THOUGH MY FLASHING
SMILE CAN KILL AT
FIFTY FEET!



YES. YES.
VOOM-VOOM
WASHINGTON.
SAY, WHERE
DID YOU GET
THAT SILLY
NAME?

MY FATHER
WAS RAISED
BY GERMAN
IN VALLA.
VALLA. VASH-
INGTON.

MERRY GODD,
VOOM-VOOM.
MERRY GODD.



I SAY DEMOCRACY IS NOT DEAD-
THERMISE IT WOULD BE SITTING
BEHIND MR. WOODHEAD'S DESK.
HEE HAW! HEE HAW!

AND I SAY THAT
DEMOCRACY IS
STILL ALIVE
BECAUSE---

---ANY JERK
CAN BE ELECT-
ED PRESIDENT
PROVIDED HIS
FATHER HAS
147 MILLION.

AND I SAY...
LET'S PROVE
THAT ANY
JERK CAN BE
PRESIDENT-
BY ELECTING
MR. KRODDER.

CLASS,
YOU'RE
BEING
REDICULOUS.



YOU'RE A CINCH. SAULBRI GROPSTEIN
WINS YOU JEWISH AND FLORIO RIGAN
VOTES. I TAKE THE BLACKS. BOBBY-
RIND GETS THE GIRLS. AND HURSH-
WOOK CARRIES THE IDIOTS.

YOU'VE GOT A
HEAVY LOAD
HORSHOOK.

HEE HAW!



GREAT SCOTT!
YOU'VE GOT
POSTERS
UP ALREADY!

SURE, THESE SCRIPTS ARE ONLY
24 MINUTES—PLUS COMMERCIALS
WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE!

AND SO, ON ELECTION EVE...

HOW EXCITING-- A
TRADITIONAL
PORCHLIGHT PARADE

WORSHOOK, YOU SHOOK,
I SAID IDIOLIGHT!

YEAH, BUT WILLIE--
THE TORCH IS
STILL DOING TIME.
SO WE STOLE A
PORCH INSTEAD!

AND SO... AS THE WHEELS OF DEMOCRACY--
AND THE TEETH OF WALTER CRANKITE GRIND
ON...

AND THEY SAID NOTHING
COULD PUT NIXON BACK
AGAIN!

ESAY. EVEN JOLIE
DIDN'T VOTE FOR
ME!

--AND THE SCORE IS NOW,
NIXON, 45,398,273. KRUIDER
2

WHOOPEEE!

HOW IS THAT
POSSIBLE?

WAIT, HERE COMES THE
VOICE FROM BROOKLYN
THAT MAKES THE NEW
TOTALS. KRUIDER AT
MILLION, NIXON, 44!

WE VOTED THE
GRAVEYARDS.
AND--

--BROOKLYN HAS MORE GRAVE-
YARDS THAN ANYPLACE ELSE
EXCEPT LOS ANGELES--ONLY
THEY DON'T BURY THEM.

--THEY FORM THEM INTO
FASCIST-FOOD FASCIST-
BUDDHIST COLTS.

KRUIDER, I WANT
TO BE IN YOUR
CABINET!

NO, I WANT TO
BE IN YOUR
LIVOR CABINET
BETWEEN THE RYL
AND THE SCOTCH
AND THE VOOKA!

YOU WANT TO BE
SEC. OF
EDUCATION?

SLOPPOGS, YOU WILL
BE MY CABINET.
YOU'LL BE SEC. OF
COMMERCE.
(WORSHOOK!)

THAT MEANS I GIVE
THE COUNTRY THE
BUSINESS!



VOOM,
YOU'RE
IN CHARGE
OF
DEFENSE!

GREAT, BUT WHICH ONE
OF THE DA FENCES? I
KNOW EVERY ONE THAT
EVER HANDLED A HOT
TV SET!

WHAT ABOUT ME,
RARE, SWEETIE?



AH, JOLE, YOU'LL BE
IN CHARGE OF HEALTH
EDUCATION AND FOOD
STAMPS!

FOOD STAMPS?
THAT'S
REDICULOUS.
YOU CAN'T
CALL A
TUNA
CASSEROLE!



BOORRRING, YOU'RE
SEC. OF NAIR.
DREPSSTEIN, YOU'RE
GOV. OF PUERTO RICO
AND AMBASSADOR TO
ISRAEL.

THAT MEANS YOU
CAN ONLY SERVE
KOSHER TACOS.

MR. PRESIDENT,
IT'S WAR.



THE ENEMY IS ATTACKING
WITH MOBILE FILM
PROJECTORS— SHOWING
GILLIGAN'S ISLAND
REARMS!

THE SWINE!



HA HA
HI
THEY JUST BROUGHT UP A
MISSILE LAUNCHER.
U-USING WARHEADS WITH
NEGATON LAUGH-TRACKS!

THEY WON'T GET
AWAY WITH IT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA



GEEK, YOU RATS. I'M GONNA
TELL YOU AN ENDLESS
STORY ABOUT MY UNCLER
IRVING, MILTON, HERBIE,
HARRY, SIDNEY, MYRON,
MELVIN, HARVIN—

SHOW THEM NO
MERCY, RARE!

LISTEN TO
THAT PAH!



TWENTY DREADFULLY DURING MINUTES LATER.....

THAT DID IT.
WE WIPED OUT
OUT THE
WHOLE—

OH-OH. THE ROTTEN-JOKE
FALLOUT KILLED MY
CROWD, TOO. THAT'S
TERRIBLE. NOW WHO
CAN I TELL MY OLD JOKES
TO?

WHAT DO YOU CALL A MAN WHO WINS THE MILLION DOLLAR LOTTERY POSTHUMOUSLY?...A LUCKY STIFF, OF COURSE. JUST WHAT IS GOOD LUCK AND BAD LUCK? TO FIND OUT, TAKE A CHANCE AND READ ON.....IF YOU FEEL LUCKY.

GOOD LUCK - BAD LUCK

WRITER: MICHAEL FELLOWSKI

ARTIST: ALAN KUPPERBERG

GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A NEARBY TREE TO CLIMB WHEN A LION CHARGES.



BAD LUCK IS CLIMBING THE TREE AND FINDING A SNAKE IN IT.



GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A FIVE DOLLAR BILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET.



BAD LUCK IS BENDING OVER TO PICK UP A FIVE DOLLAR BILL IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET AND GETTING HIT BY A CEMENT BLOCK.



GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A FESTIVAL OF FOUR LEAF CLOVERS!



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU'RE ALLERGIC TO CLOVER.



GOOD LUCK IS BEING PICKED UP BY A BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN AFTER YOU FALL DOWN IN THE STREET BECAUSE YOU'RE INTOXICATED.



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT THE BEAUTIFUL, SEXY WOMAN IS A LADY COP.



GOOD LUCK IS FINDING A SEAT NEXT TO THE SMARTEST KID IN CLASS BEFORE THE TEACHER GIVES A SURPRISE TEST.



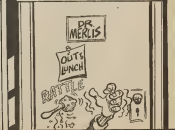
BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT IT'S AN ORAL QUIZ.



GOOD LUCK IS HAVING A HEART ATTACK IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE.



BAD LUCK IS HAVING A HEART ATTACK IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE WHEN THE DOCTOR IS OUT TO LUNCH.



SICKIES!

WRITER: JACK SPARLING



I TOLD YOU I
WAS GOING
OUT WITH AN
OLD GOAT.

THE PLUMBING HAS
BACKED UP AGAIN.



WAS THE PAIN
IN THE
SHOULDER?



I'VE ALWAYS HAD
THIS PROBLEM
OF BED-WETTING





COULD THIS BEING
BRADLEY HELP?



I CAN'T BELIEVE
I'M PREGNANT!



SAID: YOU'RE NOT
TO MENTION NOT
TO TELL SCHWARTZ.



EVERYBODY PUT ME
IN HIS LITTLE
BLACK BOOK



I WORTH GO
TO THE
JOB!



HOW ABOUT BRINGING
THE BAKES?



THE WOMAN WITH
MY OTHER BRACE?



KEEP YOUR EYE
ON THOSE
A REVENGE!



SEE YOU ONLY
FOR
LICK!



FOR I LOVE YOU



AND THE ONLY
POSSIBLE TRICK
IS TO GO



PEEPING TONY



WE HAVE A WONDERFUL
LET-AND PLAN!



HOW MANY CHAIRS?
HOW MANY CHAIRS?
HOW MANY CHAIRS?



DID YOU
BRING THE
TWINKIES.



I'VE HAD THE
STEAM BATH,
WHERE ARE THE
MASSAGE
PARLOR
GIRLS.

CERTAINLY I'M
THAT KIND OF
GIRL...FIFTY
BUCKS, MAC.



IT'LL BE SOMEBODY'S
WATERLOO IF I DON'T
FIND MY COPY OF SICK.

GOOD LUCK / BAD LUCK

GOOD LUCK IS GETTING A STRAIGHT FLUSH IN A DRAW POKER GAME.



BAD LUCK IS GETTING A STRAIGHT FLUSH IN A DRAW POKER GAME AND REALIZE YOU'VE GOT 6 CARDS.



GOOD LUCK IS STARTING A CLAIM IN ALASKA, DIGGING A HOLE AND STRIKING OIL.



BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU STRUCK OIL BECAUSE YOU PUNCTURED THE ALASKAN PIPELINE.



GOOD LUCK IS CALLING THE ELECTRIC COMPANY TO TELL THEM THAT THEY MADE A MISTAKE ON YOUR BILL AND HAVING THEM AGREE WITH YOU.

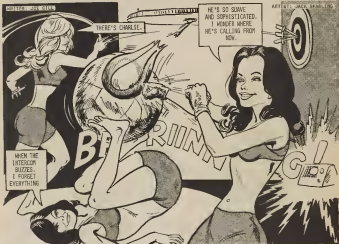


BAD LUCK IS FINDING OUT THAT YOU ARE THEN MORE THAN THEY OMBROD YOU FOR.



THE THREE LOVELIES ARE CALLED RESPECTIVELY (LEAVE US HAVE SOME RESPECT, SICKIES) KEELY, JILLY, AND SARREENA. THEY'RE PRIVATE EYEBALLS EMPLOYED BY A MYSTERIOUS GURMY THEY NEVER SEE WHO'S CALLED CHARLIE. HE'S A GURMY BE-CAUSE HE NEVER CONTACTS THEM PERSONALLY, IF THEY WERE WORKING FOR SICKWE'D CONTACT THEM AS MUCH AS POSSIBLE.

CHARLIE'S ANGLES



EACH PRIVATE EYE IS IN LOVE WITH HER FACELESS EMPLOYER BUT IS CHARLIE AS SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED, AND SLEAVE AS THEY BELIEVEY YOU BE THE HEDGE.



WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO, CHARLIE?

JUST LIVE IT, CHARLIE!

I WANT YOU LADIES TO SPEND THE WEEK-END ON A LUXURIOUS YACHT OWNED BY SHEIK IZI KO-HEN.

I KNOW HIM. HE RUNS A DELICATESSEN ON BROOKLYN!



MUST BE A DIFFERENT KO-HEN SABREON

GO TO PIER 6. A LAUNCH WILL BE WAITING TO TAKE YOU OUT TO THE YACHT ONE HOUR FROM NOW!



WHAT WILL SHEIK IZI KO-HEN WANT US TO WEAR, JILLY?



WHAT YOU'VE GOT ON WOULD SUIT HIM FINE, KELLY.



HURRY, GIRLS. CHARLIE'S DEPENDING ON US!



I WONDER WHAT CHARLIE WANTS US TO DO?

IT CAN'T BE TOO BAD, KELLY. AFTER ALL...WE ARE GOING ON A YACHT!



WE STILL DON'T KNOW OUR ASSIGNMENT AND EVEN CHARLIE WON'T BE ABLE TO SHUGGLE HIMSELF ABOARD THE SHEIK'S YACHT!

WELCOME ABOARD, LADIES.
I AM SHEIK 121 KO-HEN

WE'RE HONORED TO
BE HERE, YOUR
HIGHNESS!

YOU'VE GOT A
COZY LITTLE
BOAT.
EXCELLENCY!

THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL, SUCH
INNOCENCE. THEY SEEM
SO ANGELIC, AND THEY IN-
TENDED FOR THE SHEIK'S
Harem, KOPPOPOLOLIS?

THEY SHOULD LOOK
ANGELIC. THEY'RE
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATORS!

REALLY? I'M READY

...AND THEY'RE CALLED CHARLIE'S ANGELS

I HAVE INVITED THEM HERE TO SERVE
AS BAIT SO THAT WE CAN ELIMINATE
THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN FOUL OUR PLAN
TO RULE THE WORLD!

THE MAN, OF
COURSE, IS
CHARLIE. HE
WILL COME
TO RESCUE
THE LASCIVIOUS
LADIES AND
GASP!

HE CAN'T POSSIBLY GET ABOARD.
KOPPOPOLOLIS!

HE'S NO SUPER MAN!

HE'S FRIENDSHLY CLEVER.
HE'LL THINK OF A WAY

HOW CAN CHARLIE GIVE US
OUR INSTRUCTIONS NOW?
IT LOOKS LIKE 121 KO-HEN
OUTWITTED HIM!

I THINK I'LL
CRASH THE
PARTY. THEY'LL
NEVER EXPECT
ME TO DARE IN
ON THEM!





SICK is.

WRITER: JOE GILL

ARTIST: JACK SPARLING



...MAKING UP NEW YEAR'S DAY.



...NOT MAKING UP NEW YEAR'S DAY.



...MARRYING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN



...AND SEEING HER ON YOUR HONEYMOON.



...BUYING SCOPER STAR V8 FOR THE LIST PRICE.



...AND THEN.



... WASHING YOUR CAR.



...AND HAVING SOME SLOB FIND A MUD PUDDLE.



... HAVING YOUR HOT TIP RUN LAST.



...AND THEN ASK THE WAY TO THE FINISH LINE.



...SPEND TWO HUNDRED FOR HER PARTY DRESS.



...TO FIND YOUR WIFE IS ONE AMONG MANY.



...BEING THE FIRST MAN TO CLIMB KILLER PEAK.



...YOU THOUGHT!



...TEACHING YOUR WIFE TO DRIVE.



... BY SHOWING HER HOW.



... BUYING A TRAINED GUARD DOG



...AND



...INTRODUCING YOUR BEST FRIEND TO YOUR FIANCEE.



...AND



GOING SOUTH TO GET AWAY FROM OLD MAN WINTER



...AND WHEN YOU GET THERE.

FLASH!

ANOTHER FIRST FROM THE
SICK CONSERVATION LABORATORIES!

THE ALL NEW....

"WASTE-NOT"

H₂O SWIMMING POOL



HOLD IT!!!

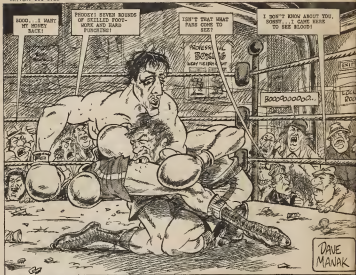
WE FIRST MUST GET
MOTHER NATURE'S PERMISSION TO BREAK
A FEW LAWS OF GRAVITY BEFORE GOING INTO
PRODUCTION, SO..... **DON'T ORDER NOW!!**

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, SLOODY, SEEDY, BROKEN-DOWN MERCHANDISE IS OFTEN REBAPTIZED TO AS 'SLOCKY'!
SO IS IT ANY WONDER THAT WHEN FILM-MAKERS PUT TOGETHER THIS EPIC OF A SLOODY, SEEDY, BROKEN-DOWN
BOXER, THEY NAMED HIM...

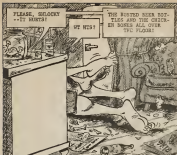
SLOCKY!

WRITER: JOE GILL

ARTIST: DAVE MANAK









SHLOCKY'S EYES ARE BLOWN UP LIKE
TOMATOES--HIS NOSE LOOKS LIKE
SQUASHED PUTTY--HIS LIPS ARE
SPILT LIKE A TUPPINKIE! WHY DON'T
THE TAP STOP THE FIGHT?

'CAUSE
SHLOCKY!
THAT'S
AN
EFFING-
PROT!

WE DID IT! THE
FIGHT'S OVER
AND SHLOCKY IS
STILL ON HIS
FEET!

I SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN
TO WASTE A LIFE-INSURANCE
POLICY ON A CROOK LIKE HIM!



SOMETHING'S GAGGLED IN
SHLOCKY'S THROAT!
HE'LL CHOKER TO DEATH!

YOU HEAR I
TORN UP
THAT POLICY
YOO SOOBY!

URK! URK! URK! URK!



WELL, I'LL BE--! AN
OLD MOUTH PROTEC-
TOR-- STUCK BACK
THERE FOR GOD
KNOWS HOW
LONG!

YEAH! THE CROOK'S
LAST PUNCH WAS
VE DISGUSTED IT,
AND--AND--

HEY! I
AIDN'T
MIRALIN
NO MORE!

AIN'T THAT
GREAT! I
CAN TALK
NORMAL
AGAIN!

SPEAK SLOWLY,
SHLOCKY DEAR!

YEAH, WE CAN'T UNDERSTAND
A WORD YOU'RE SAYING!



PETER BRIDGE BEGINS HIS MORNING "DAY"
EVERY EVENING AT 8:00-- PRIME TIME

Hark, Morris, get your
sin-bin Daddy's off so
work!

I'll give your regards to
Mary Tyler Moore's
trademark!

AND THEN--THE LONG WALK TO WORK--2 STEPS!

This is U.B.C. -- the
Un-American Broad-
casting Company!

FOR PETER BRIDGE IS A TELEVISION CRITIC!
THE MAN WHO TELLS YOU WHETHER THE SHOW
YOU SAW LAST NIGHT WAS ANY GOOD OR NOT!

**UBC PRESENTS
SCARSKY AND CRUTCH
THIS EPISODE:
ACT OF VIOLINS!**

See them writhle. See them fall. Death
by Sepsis or cannonball. Flood by the
bucket. Barrels of yolk. From Montecarlo
to Dobson. Question first, then asking
questions. Fighting for what's right.
Scarsky and Crutch--watch those fun
loving cops-- Tonight

TOP: ARNOLD BRANK

ARTIST: JACK SPANLING

SCARSKY and CRUTCH

SPEWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWSH!

But how did you know I
always carry my marbles
there?





All right, you drunken bum, get your snally gars out of here where it won't disturb normal, decent citizens!



Did you see him give it to that filthy bum, Sparky?

AWW! Not his again! Harter! Harter!



Scaggy, aren't you ashamed of living off women?

--Oh Hi, fellas!



Hey, I pre-toots my girls! I put one of them through business college last year!

and now she's a legit!

Now, she still works for me! But now she can do my taxes too!



Scaggy, you seen anything of a hot Violin?

AWW! Two guys worked for the City Bank had were in at five! Willie-the-son-of-a-bitch checked a case of gasoline at 7! and that was murder sent by with a letter at 9! But-- no violins



Val: Sweet Alice! --the Stocker! --the John --the A violin!

Let's go, Scaggy!



Up your service revolver?

One side, "Scaggy"! You're kidding Justice!

EXPLANATION FOR THOSE UNDER 13, A BOOKER IS A SPECIAL FIRE ENGINE. AS IN "BOOKER AND LADDER" FOR THOSE OVER 13 ---SEARS!



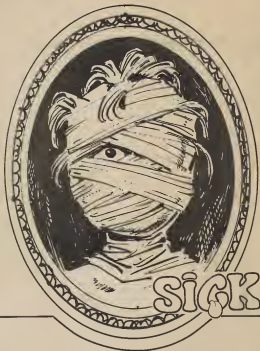


AND SO THE FOLLOWING WEEK

AS I SEE IT
By
Facer Stauda

SCARNEY AND CRUTCH: Another police blood bath splashing the screen with technological murder and mayhem for 54 disgusting minutes. I counted 43 deaths and motivationalless mutilations. Bish, blash, blash, blash . . .

**SUBSCRIBE TO SICK NOW AND FACE THE BARE FACTS ...
HUCKLEBERRY FINK, BOWING TO READER DEMANDS, IS
HAVING A FACE LIFT. ONLY IN SICK WILL THIS HAPPEN.
SUBSCRIBE NOW ... DON'T MISS AN ISSUE.**



SICK, DEPT 8877
CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN. 06418

☐ New Subscription

☐ Renewal

Please enter my subscription to SICK!

☐ \$3.00 for 6 issues (one year)
☐ \$6.00 for 12 issues (two years)
Canada add 25% - Foreign 50%

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

A SICK BONUS!!!

SAVE SICK'S BACK COVERS-



START YOUR OWN SICK
"ART GALLERY".



DECORATE YOUR RECREATION
ROOM ... THE JOHN...OR...THE
CEILING OF YOUR BEDROOM,
(If nothin' else is going on!)



Illustration: Nathan A. Pridemore (©2004 DC Comics)

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration: Nathan A. Pridemore



From DC Comics. Copyright © 2004 DC Comics.